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GIVEN BY
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[The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.)

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

1766

King HENRY V.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



7061
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LONDON:

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M DCC XXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ,

KING Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John, of Lancaster, } Sons to Henry the Fourth,

Humphry of Gloucester, } and Brethren to Henry

Thomas of Clarence, } the Fifth.

Northumberland,

Archbishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Moreton,

Colvile,

Warwick,

Westmorland,

Surrey,

Gower,

Harcourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

Falstaff,

Poins,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Page,

Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bulcalf.

} Opposites against King Henry
the Fourth.

} of the King's Party.

} Irregular Humourists.

} Country Soldiers.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Dol Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The



The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, * *painted full of Tongues.*



PEN your ears: for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?

I from the orient to the drooping west
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of † men with false reports:
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters; and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

A 3

And

* This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. † them.

And no such matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is *Rumour* here?
 I run before King *Harry's* victory,
 Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur* and his troops;
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels blood. But what mean I
 To speak † so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword;
 And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns;
 Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
 And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*
 Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me From *Rumour's* tongues,
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. [Exit.]

S C E N E I.

Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter at one door.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho? where is the
 Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
 That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard
 Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter

† of truth.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, lord *Bardolph*? ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild: Contention like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,

I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk, Sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times
Since *Cæsar's* fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence,

A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

S C E N E II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd.
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:

He ask'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
 I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*?
 He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward, struck his * agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! again:

Said he young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold?
 Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you.

If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a filken point
 I'll give my bakony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by *Travers's*
 Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who he?

He was some † hilding fellow, that had stol'n,
 The horse he rode on; and upon my life
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

S C E N E III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
 So looks the strond, ‡ whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord.
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,

And

* able. † hilding, for hinderling; i. e. base, degenerate.

‡ when the

And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
 But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue:
 And I, my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say: your son did thus and thus;
 Your brother, thus: so fought the noble *Dowglas*:
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with brother, son, and all, are dead!

Mort. *Dowglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my lord, your son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath;
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by Instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet *Morton*, speak:
 Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainsaid:
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye:
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 And he doth sin that doth bely the dead,
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office: and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To *Henry Monmouth*; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In few; his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,

Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops.
 For from his metal was his party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in it self,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
 So did our men, heavy in *Hotspur's* loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Worster*,
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
 The bloody *Dowglas*, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out
 A speedy pow'r t' encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*
 And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physick: and this news,
 That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
 Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
 And as the wretch whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs
 Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice th' myself. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly quoif,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes flesh'd with conquest aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spight dare bring.
 To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*!
 * Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
 * Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
 * And let this World no longer be a stage.

* To seed contention in a lingring act:
 * But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 * Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 * On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 * And darkness be the burier of the dead!

* *Bard.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord;

Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

† You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said
 Let us make head: it was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
 Yet did you say, Go forth. And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-born action. What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this less,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort's.

* This line is only in the first edition, where it is spoken by Umfr. ville, who speaks no where else. It seems necessary to the connection.

† The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions, till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery, generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakespear himself.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:

† The gentle Arch-bishop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers; he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord, your son, had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.

For that same word, rebellion did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrained
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their spirits and souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion;
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause;

Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke*:

And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to speak truth,
This present grief hath wip'd it from my mind.

Go in with me, and counsel every man

The aptest way for sa'ety and revenge:

Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed,
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.

† *All the following lines to the end of this speech are not in the first edition.*

S C E N E IV.

*A Street in London.**Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water it self was a good † healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a jewel. The *Juvenil*, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the satten for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

*healing.**Fal.*

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter, a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally year-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security*? the whorson-smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security*: I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Chief Justice and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. *Falstaff*, and't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What to *York*? call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*.

Fal.

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? though it be a shame to be on any side but one, 'tis worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knight-hood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you hunt counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n mend him. I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking; that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it self.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, (the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Skrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet over posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow; but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; ——— I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these costor-monger days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a goose-berry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the † va-ward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? * your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fy, fy, fy, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was ‡ born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better companion.

Fal.

† va-ward, *i. e.* vanguard.

* your wind short, your wit single.

‡ added from the first edition.

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince : I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it ; but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day : for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.— ‡ but it was always the trick of our *English* nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you shou'd give me rest : I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is ! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heav'n bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a * three-man-beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord

‡ These following periods are restor'd from the first edition.

* three-man-beetle, i. e. a rammer big enough to require three men to lift it.

lord of *Lancaster*; this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pòx of this gout, or a gout of this pòx; for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great toe; it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: a good wit will make use of any thing, I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Y O R K.

Enter *Arch-bishop of York*, *Hastings*, *Thomas Mowbray* (*Earl Marshal*) and *Lord Bardolph*.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means:

Now my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied.

How in our means we should advance our selves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord *Hastings*, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for indeed
It was young *Hot-spur's* case, at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air, on promise of supply;
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
* Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at least, desist
To build at all? much more in this great work,
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite? or else,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste, for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possess

* *Indeed.*

The

The utmost man of expectation :

I think we are a body strong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What is the King but five and twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay not so much, lord *Bardolph*.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one pow'r against the *French*,
And one against *Glendower* ; perforce a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm King
In three divided ; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [ther,

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths toge-
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welsh*
Baying him at his heels ; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmorland* :
Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

* *York.* Let us on :

And publish the occasion of our Arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?

And now being trim'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.

So, so thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust in these times ?

They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,

Are

* This excellent speech of York, was one of the passages added by Shakespear after his first edition.

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud *London* he came fighting on
 After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
 Cry'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,
 And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd,
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids, be gone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Fang and Snare.

Host. **M**R. *Fang*, have you enter'd the action?
Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? is he a lusty yeoman?
 Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Host. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we must arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my * vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him

* vice, or grasp, a metaphor taken from a smith's vice; there is another reading in the old edition, view, which I think not so good.

him sure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not scape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, saving your manhoods, to buy a saddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-street* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: and have been sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an Ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-feed rogue, thou art a hony-feed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A rescue, a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou, thou wo't, wo't thou rogue; do, thou hempseed.

Fal. Away you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian: I'll tickle your catastrophe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Chief Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir *John*? what, are you brawling here?

Does this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to *York*.

Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace I am a poor widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up,

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? are you not ashamed to enforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whitson-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it; did not goodwife *Keech* the butcher's Wife come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou did desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me *Madam*? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted

distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*. I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman. —————

Host. Yes in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord I will not undergo this * sneap without reply. You call honourable-boldness impudent sawciness: If a man will court'fy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these Officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Aside.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Master *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman —————

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal,

B

or

* sneap, a yorkshire word for rebuke.

or the *German* hunting in water work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries: let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action, come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know, thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, *Sir John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together.

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Host. and Serjeant.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At *Basingstoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaster*, Against *Northumberland* and the Arch-bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you good *Sir John*.

Ch. Just. *Sir John*, you loiter here too long; being you are to take soldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, *Sir John*?

Fal.

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, - tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins,

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then my Appetite was not princely got; for in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. * And God knows whether those that bawl out of the Ruins of thy linnen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? tell me how many good young Princes should do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is.

B 2

P. Henry.

* This period is supply'd out of the old edition.

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Henry. Thou thinkst me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art bath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have * seemed so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay by this light I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

* *bees*.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*.

Poins. Come you * virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorson upright rabbit, away.

Page. Away you rascally *Althea's* dream, away.

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers: well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your grace's coming to town! There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and holds his place: for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight*: ————— every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name

* pernicious.

himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say *there is some of the King's blood spilt*. How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the King's poor Cousin, Sir*.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the letter: ——— *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales. greeting.*

Poins. Why this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and sisters: and Sir John with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune. But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us: is your master here in *London*?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old * frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-sheet*.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's:

P. Henry.

* frank, i. e. a hogsty;

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This *Doll Tear-sheet* should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St. Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? a heavy * descension. It was *Jove's* case. From a Prince to a prentice, a low transformat ion; that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Northumberland.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pr'ythee loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs. Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have giv'a over, I will speak no more: Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. O yet for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars: The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it, than now; When your own *Percy*, when my Heart-dear *Harry* Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his pow'rs: but he did long in vain!

* *declension.*

B 4.

Who

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost; yours and your son's;
 For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of *England* move
 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant:
 For those that could speak low and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
 O miracle of men! him did you leave
 To look upon the hideous God of war
 In disadvantage, to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* name
 Did seem defensible: so you left him.
 Never, O never do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him. Let them alone:
 The Marshal and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I (hanging on *Hot spur's* neck)
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient over-sights.
 But I must go and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to *Scotland*,
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy:

* The twenty two following lines, are of those added by Shakespear after his first edition.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow:
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-sand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Tavern in Eastcheap,

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an Apple-John.

2 Draw. Mafs! thou sayest true; the Prince once set a dish of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mrs. Tear-sheets would fain hear some musick, † Dispatch! the room where they supt is too hot, they'll come in strait.

2 Draw. Sirrah; here will be the Prince, and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

B 5

1 Draw.

† This period is from the first edition.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old * *Utis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but you have drank too much canary, and that's a marvellous searching wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.

Host. Why, that was well said: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court ——— empty the jordan ——— and was a worthy King: how now, Mrs. *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth,

Fal. So is all her sect, if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mrs. *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor vertue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your † brooches, pearls and owches, for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely ———

Dol.

* *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *Huit*; octo, ab *AS*. E *ahza*. *Octava Festi alicujus*. Skinner.

† brooches, were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. Owches were bosses of gold set with diamonds.

Dol. Hang your self, you muddy Conger, hang your self!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year? one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [*To Dol.*

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuf in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Fack*: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now; shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ———

Host. Pray you pacify your self, Sir *John*, there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ——— it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient swaggerers comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick* the deputy the other day; and as he said to me ——— it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last ——— neighbour *Quickly*, say he; ——— master *Domb* our minister was by then; ——— neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for faith he, you are in an ill name: now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no
swaggering.

swaggering companions ——— There come none here: You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i^o faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one says swagger; feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

S C E N E X.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*; I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your master,

Pist. I know you, mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? much.

B. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal.

* *Fal.* No more, *Pistol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: discharge your self of our company, *Pistol*.

Hof. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out † of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain! ‡ as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first, to *Pluto's* damned lake; to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, I say: down! down dogs, down fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. Good captain *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours indeed. Shall packhorses And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day; Compare with *Casar*, and with *Cannibal*, And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with *King Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar: Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year? do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist.

* This is from the old edition, 1600. † for.

‡ out of the old edition.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormento, sperato me contente.*

Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack: and sweet-heart, lye thou there:

Come we to full points here; and are *& cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy * neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs, I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs, know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision? shall we embrew? then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days: why then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds, untwine the sisters three: come, *Atropos*, I say. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Fack*, I pr'ythee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Fack*, be quiet, the rascal is gone: ah you whorson, little valiant villain you.

Host. Are you not hurt ith' groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue you: alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy face——

come

* neif, from *nativa*, i. e. a woman slave that is born in one's house. He would kiss *Dol.*

come on you whorson chops — ah rogue, I love thee — thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I'faith and thou follow'dst him like a church: thou whorson little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles end for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois*.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kils me, *Dol.*

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not lispng to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kittle of? I shall receive mony on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: prove that ever I drest my self handsom till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis.*

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, wh at a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I am come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the lord preserve thy good grace. Welcome to *London*. Now heav'n blest that sweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorson-made compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon *Dol.*

Dol.

King HENRY IV.



Dol. How! you fat-fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge; and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorson candle-myne you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. Blessing on your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads hlll*, you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none? I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*. none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardise doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead Elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil * out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women?

Fal.

* In the first Edition it is the devil blinds him too.

The Second Part of

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul: for the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All viſuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

S C E N E XII.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto,* how now? what News?

Peto. The King your father is at *Westminster,* And there are twenty weak and wearied posts. Come from the north; and as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns. And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff.*

P. Henry. By heaven, *Poins,* I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the South Born with black vapour doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff,* good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently: a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah: farewell hostess, farewell *Dol.* You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man

man of action is called on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak, if my heart be not ready to burst
— well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thy self.

Fal. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-sheet*.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear sheet* come to my master.

Hof. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

L O N D O N.

Enter King Henry in his night gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. **G**O, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read
these letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down;

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case, or a common larym-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,

In cradle of the rude imperious surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who

• Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 • Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 • With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
 • That with the hurley, death it self awakes?
 • Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 • To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
 • And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 • With all appliances and means to boot,
 • Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down;
 Uneasie lyes the head that wears a crown.

S C E N E I I

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one a clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you all, my lords;
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom;
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh heav'n that one might read the book
of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
Into the sea; and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for *Neptune's* hips: how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors. * O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis

* These four verses are supply'd from the edition of 1600.

'Tis not ten years since *Richard* and *Northumberland*
 Did feast together; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea for my sake ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
 Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember) (To *Warwick*;
 When *Richard* with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy;
 ' *Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
 ' My cousin *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne:
 (Though then, heav'n knows, I had no such intent;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss)
 ' The time shall come, (thus did he foilow it,)
 ' The time will come, that foul sin-gathering head,
 ' Shall break into corruption; so went on,
 Fore-telling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amiry.

War. There is a history in all men's lives;
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesie
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And by the necessary form of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities;
 And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the *Bishop* and *Northumberland*
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:

And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the holy land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The C O U N T R Y.

Enter Shallow and Silence, Justices; with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.

Shal. Come on, come on; come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early riser, by the * rood. And how doth my good cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen*?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir; I dare say my cousin *William* is become a good scholar: he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of court shortly: I was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I,
and

* the rood, i. e. the cross.

and little *John Dott* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bure*, and *Francis Pickbone*; and *Will. Squeele* a *Cot'sweld* man, you had not four such swing-bucklers in all the Inns of court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment: Then was *Jack Falstaff* (now *Sir John*, boy) a page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This *Sir John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The same *Sir John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: death * (as the *Psalmist* saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of *Bullocks* at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! see, see, he drew a good bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of *Sir John Falstaff's* men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow; honest gentlemen.

Bard.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this county, one of the King's Justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall gentleman by heav'n! and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He 'grees me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: better accommodated — it is good, yea indeed is it; good Phrases surely are, and * ever were, very commendable. Accommodated — it comes of *Accommodo*; very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase; call you it? by this day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card*; as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my cousin *Silence*; in commission with me.

Fal. Good master *Silence*, it well befits you shall be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather, gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal.

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Fal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent i' faith. Things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace *Mouldy*, you shall go, *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. How do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serve for a summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very, ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor; well said, courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcalf*. Ill he roar again.

Bul. Oh good my lord captain.

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick't?

Bul.

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dioner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George's* fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's-Inn*.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen: hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith Sir *John* we have: our watch-word was hem-boys. Come, let's to dinner; Oh the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good mast'r corporate *Bardolph* stand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns

for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Mould. And good master corporal captain; for my old dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master *Shallow*, how to chuse a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big semblance of a man? give me the spirit, master *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*, you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; so e off and on, swifter than he their gibbets or the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy, the fo-man may wish as great

great aim level at the edge of a penknife : and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off. O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a † caliver into *Wart's* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, traverse; thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, *Wart*, thou art a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's* Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's* show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tab, tah, would he say: bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewell, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph* give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house; Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Fal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Fal. Fare you well, gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*; lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me (of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal street*; and every third word a lye, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked he was for all the world like a fork-

ed radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions, to any thick sight were invisible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, * yet lecherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rereward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over † schutcht huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt*, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own name, for you might have trufs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him, Let time shape, and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In YORKSHIRE.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

York. **W**HAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest.

York. Here stand my lords, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done,

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I

* added from the edition of 1600.

† *schutche*, i. e. whipt, over-switch'd, i. e. carted.

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
 New dated letters from *Northumberland*;
 Their cold intent, teure and substance thus:
 How he doth wish his person, with such powers
 As might hold fortance with his quality,
 The which he could not levy; whereupon
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty prayers,
 That your attempts may over live the hazard
 And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
 ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form comes on the enemy:
 And by the ground they hide, I judge their num'ers
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out,
 Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

S C E N E II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
 The Prince, lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

York. Say on, my lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
 What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
 Unto your grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 Came like it self, in base and abject routs,
 Led on by bloody youth, *goaded with rage;
 And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
 I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear'd
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords;

Had not been here to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection
 With your fair honours. You, my lord Archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace;
 Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

† *York.* Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
 Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
 Have brought our selves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of *Westmorland*,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But rather shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We

† *Most of this speech inserted since the first edition.*

We are deny'd access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The danger of the day's but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. Whenever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the King?
 What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion, with a seal divine?

York. My brother General, the commonwealth,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before,
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay an heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

* *West.* O my good lord *Mowbray*,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
 And not the King, that doth you injuries.
 Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
 Or from the King, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
 To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* seigniories,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.
 And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he

* The two or three next speeches were also of those inserted.

Being mounted and both rowled in their seats,
 Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of *Bolingbroke*;
 O, when the King did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw,
 Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
 That by indictment or by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under *Bolingbroke*.

West. You speak, lord *Mowbray*, now you know not
 The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then [what
 In *England*, the most valiant Gentleman.
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
 But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
 Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd and grac'd more than the King himself:
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our princely General,
 To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
 For lo within a ken our army lies;
 Upon mine honour; all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father;

To hear and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the General's name:

I muse you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of *Westmerland*, this schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:

Each several article herein redress'd,

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinewed to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form;

And present executions of our wills,

To us, and to our purposes confin'd;

We come within our awful banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, lords,

In sight of our battles, we may meet

At either end in peace; which heav'n so frame!

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit *West.*]

S C E N E III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,

As our conditions shall insist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,

That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,

Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,

Shall to the King taste of this action.

That, were our royal faiths, martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition,

York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances:
 For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
 He cannot so precisely weed this land,
 As his misdoubts present occasion;
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement:
 So that his pow'r, like to a fangless Lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord Marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lord-
 ship

To meet his grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then set
 forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace, my lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encountred here, my cousin *Mowbray*;
 Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-bishop,
 And so to you, lord *Hastings*, and to all.
 My lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock ass'embled by the bell
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sun shine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness? With you, lord Bishop,
 It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament:
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it self;
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the rev'rence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
 As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,
 In deeds dishon'rabl? you've taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And both against the peace of heav'n and him
 Have here upswarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaster*,
 I am not here against your father's peace:
 But, as I told my lord of *Westmorland*,
 The time mis-order'd doth in common sense
 Croud us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,

The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court;
 Wheron this *Hydra*-son of war is born,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desire;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt:
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
 And so success of mischief shall be borne,
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
 And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook,
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
 Upon my life they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your pow'rs into their several counties,
 As we will ours; and here between the armies
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.]

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
 This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
 I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Colevile.]

York. To you, my noble lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what
 pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,

You

You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord; and gentle cousin *Mowbray*.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry Coz: since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd;
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too; [Exit *West.*
And good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men:
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit *Hastings*.]

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

S C E N E V.

Enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd; they took their course
East, west, north, south: or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

York. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd you none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine honour
I will perform with a most christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,

Heav'n and not we have safely fought to day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir ? of what condition are
you ? and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir : and my name is *Colevile*
of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is
your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* shall
still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dun-
geon your place, a place deep enough : so shall you
still be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are you not Sir *John Falstaff* ?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am : do ye
yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you ? if I do sweat, they
are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death,
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do obser-
vance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that
thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly
of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other
word but my name : an I had but a belly of any indif-
ferency,

fetency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now, Call in the pow'rs, good cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit West.* Now *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallow's back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have founder'd ninescore and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me and yielded: that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deservng.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or by the lord I will have it in a particular ballad by it self, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then?

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou
like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away gratis; and I
thank thee for thee.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates
To *York*, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit with Colevile.*

And now dispatch we t'ward the court, my lords;

I hear the King, my father, is fore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through *Glo'stershire*; and when you come to court, pray,
stand in your good report, my lord.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*, I, in my condition,
shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than
your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded boy doth not love me; a man cannot make
him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.
There's never any of these demure boys come to any
proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind
of male green-sickness; and then when they marry,
they get wenches. They are generally fools and cow-
ards; which some of us should be too, but for in-
flammation. A good *Sherris-Sack* hath a twofold ope-
ration in it; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there
all the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it;
makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble,

fiery

fiery and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is the warming of the blood which before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and pufft up with this retiaue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without Sack, for that sets it a work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterill and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertill Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph*?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll thro' *Glocestershire*, and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heav'n do give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,

Our

Our substitutes in absence well invested,
 And every thing lies level to our wish:
 Only we want a little personal strength:
 And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
 Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
 Shall soon enjoy

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my son of *Glocester*,
 Where is the Prince your brother?

Glow. I think he is gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windson*

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glow. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother *Thomas* of *Clarence*
 with him?

Glow. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and Father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*
 How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
 And noble offices thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious if he be observ'd:
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper therefore must be well observ'd:
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

That

That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 As force, perforce, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As *Aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windsor* with him,
Thomas?

Cl. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cl. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds:

And he the nob'e image of my youth,
 Is over-spread with them; therefore my grief
 Stretches it self beyond the hour of death.
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape
 In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his head-strong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 Oh with what wings shall his affection fly
 Tow'rd's fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
 The Prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The Prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of ot'ers;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the Bee doth leave her
 comb

In the dead carrion. — Who's here? *Westmorland*?

S C E N E IX.

Enter Westmorland.

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness,
Added to that, which I am to deliver.
Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd;
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been born,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty:
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolf*
With a great pow'r of *English* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up your self, look up.

War.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.

Cl. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the † mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cl. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say it did so a little time before

That our great Grandfire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some slow and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

S C E N E X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none
abroad?

How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.

† or wall.

War.

War. Not so much noise, my lords ; sweet Prince,
Speak low ;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cl. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

P. Henry. No ; I will sit, and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night : sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord ! my father !

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

That from this golden * rigol hath divorc'd

So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood

Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,

Which heav'n shall guard : and put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. *Warwick ! Gloucester ! Clarence !*

Cl. Doth the King call ?

War.

* rigol, or circle ; meaning the crown.

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clau. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege; Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me see him.

War. The door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick,*

And chide him hither strait; this part of his

Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.

See, sons, what things you are; how quickly nature

Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?

For this, the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry: for this engrossed

The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold:

For this, they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,

Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and like the Bees

Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the * dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he? that will not stay so long,

Till his friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me.

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which never quast but blood,

D

Would

† ending.

Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry.*
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [Ex.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, *Harry,* to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stoln that, which after some few hours

Were thine without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thy self,

And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my herse

Bedrops of balm to sanctifie thy head;

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Henry the Fifth is crown'd; up vanjty,

Down royal state. All you sage counsellors hence,

And to the *English* court assemble now

From ev'ry region, apes of idleness:

Now neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum;

Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?

Revel

Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows:
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again
 Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry*. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
[Kneeling]

(The * most impediments unto my speech,)
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your Crown,
 And he that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours; if I affect it more,
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to shew th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the Crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious
 Preserving life in medicine potable:
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,

D 2

Halt

* most.

Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it;
 Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st † win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this Crown; and I my self know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation:
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances,
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument: And now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
 So thou the garland wear'st successively:
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do.

Thou

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy land;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign * wars; that action, hence born out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the Crown, O God forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege;
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my *John of Lan-*
caster.

Lan. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

K. Henry. † Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 Son *John*;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
 My wordly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of *Warwick*?

P. Henry. My lord of *Warwick*.

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life must end.
 It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,

D 3

I

* quarrels.

† Thou bring'st me happiness, Son *John*.

I should not die but in *Jerusalem* :

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy land.

But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye :

In that *Jerusalem* shall *Harry* die,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

G L O S T E R S H I R E.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. **B**Y cock and pye Sir, you shall not away to-night.
What, *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you : you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted : there is no excuse shall
serve : you shall not be excus'd. Why *Davy*.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me see, *Davy*, let me see ;
William Cook, bid him come hither. — Sir *John*, you
shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus : those precepts cannot be serv'd ;
and again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But for *William Cook* ;
are there no young Pidgeons ?

Davy. Yea, Sir — Here is now the Smith's note
for the going, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid — Sir *John*, you
shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.
And Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William's* wages
about the sack he lost the other day at *Hinckly fair* ?

Shal. He shall answer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a
couple of short-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any
pretty little tiny kickshaws : tell *William Cook*.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir ?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*, I will use him well. A friend i'th'
court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men
well,

well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*: About thy Business, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Wincot*, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir, therefore I beseech your worship let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [To the Page] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our houses. — If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded-hern ites-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits and his: they by observing of him do bear themselves like foolish justices; he by conversing with them is turn'd into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild Geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would

humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: If to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh * without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lye with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *Jahn*.

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*.

I S C E N E II.

L O N D O N.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord Chief Justice, whether a way?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my self
To welcome the condition of the time,

Which

* *wish.*

Which cannot look more hi'cously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John, of Lancaster, Gloucester and Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen:
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

Glou. O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier: would 'twere otherwise.

Cl. Well you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' * impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and fore'sall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

* *imperial.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty.

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* court,

Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,

But *Harry, Harry*. Yet be sad, good Brothers,

For to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by heav'n, I bid you be assur'd

I'll be your father and your brother too:

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* lives that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

P. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

[To the *Ch. Just.*]

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes

forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of *England*! was this easy?

May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And in th' administration of his law

While I was busy for the common-wealth,

Your

Your Highness pleased to forget my place.
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented;
 And struck me in the very seat of judgment:
 Whereon as an offender to your father
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at naught?
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench?
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person?
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body?
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
 Behold your self so by a son disdain'd:
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r soft silencing your son.
 After this cold confid'rance, sentence me;
 And as you are a King, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this
 well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
 So shall I live to speak my father's words,
 Happy am I that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And no less happy having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hand of justice. You committed me;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,
 With this remembrance that you use the same

With

With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents,
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And Princes all, believe me I beseech you :
 My father is gone † wail'd into his grave,
 (For in his tomb lie my affections)
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world,
 To frustrate Prophecies, and to rase out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now ;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
 Now call we our high court of Parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go,
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince nor Peer shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt]

† wail'd.

SCENE IV.

Gloucestershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where 'in an arbour we will eat a last years pippin of my owngrafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth: come cousin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*, marry, good air,. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*, well said *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your servingman and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Mass I have drank too much Sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat and make good cheer, [Singing]

And praise heav'n for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap, and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. † Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*,

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon. most sweet Sir, sit. Master *Page*, sit: good master *Page*, sit: pro-face. What you want in meat we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all.

Shal.

† Good Mr. *Bardo'ph*, some wine, *Davy*.

Shal. Be merry, Mr. *Bardolph*, and my little soldie there be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are Shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.*

Fal. I did not think master *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Dav. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav. Your worship ——— I'll be with you streight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,
That's brisk and fine.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*:

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you wer't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tiny thief and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about *London*.

Dav. I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy.

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens I thank thee; the knave will flick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry, Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo.* Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your worship there's one *Pistol* come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

S C E N E V.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, sweet Knight: thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be but Goodman *Puff* of *Barson*.

Pist. *Puff*?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;

And helter skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A footra for the world and worldlings base, I speak of *Africa*, and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Assyrian* Knight, what is thy news? Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet* and *John*.

Pist.

Pist. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons*?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then *Pistol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King? *Bexonian*, speak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When *Pistol* lyes, do this, and fig me like

The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away *Bardolph*, saddle my horse, Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master *Silence* to bed: master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*! away *Bardolph*: come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thy self good. Boot, boot, master *Shallow*. I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Justice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why here it is, welcome this pleasant day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

L O N D O N .

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warran her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd Rascal, if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censor; I will have you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue; you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swiadg'd I'll forswear half kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones.

Host. Thou † *Anatomy*, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal.

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

† *Anatomy.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Enter two Grooms strewing rushes.

1 *Groom*. More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom*. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom*. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matser, this poor shew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hauld thither by mechanick dirty hands.

Rowze up Revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alesto's*
snake,

For *Del* is in. *Pistol* speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pistol. There roar'd the sea; and trumpet clangour
sounds.

S C E N E VIII.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God save thy grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal*.

Pist. The heav'n's thee guard and keep, most royal
imp of fame.

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man:

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis
you speak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,

Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest,

Presume not that I am the thing I was:

For heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The

The tutor and the feeder of my riots ;
 Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And as we hear you do † reform your selves,
 We will according to your strength and qualities
 Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
 Set on. [Ex. King, &c.]

S C E N E IX.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ah marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he mu't seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolph*. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Enter Chief Justice and Prince John.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the Fleet, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon,
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.* [Exe.]

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [Exeunt]



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, *my fear*; then, *my court'sy*; last, *my speech*.
My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty;
and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good
speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine
own making, and what indeed I should say will I doubt
prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the
venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was late-
ly here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience
for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay
you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unlucki-
ly home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I
promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your
mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and as most
debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot intreat you to acquit me, will you com-
mand me to use my legs? and yet that were but light pay-
ment to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will
make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentle-
women here have † forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not,
then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which
was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more I beseech you; if you be not too much
cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the
story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair
Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff
shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your
hard opinions: for ‡ Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is
not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too,
I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you;
but indeed to pray for the Queen.

† forgotten.

‡ This alludes to a play, in which Sir John Oldcastle
was put for Falstaff.

F I N I S.

